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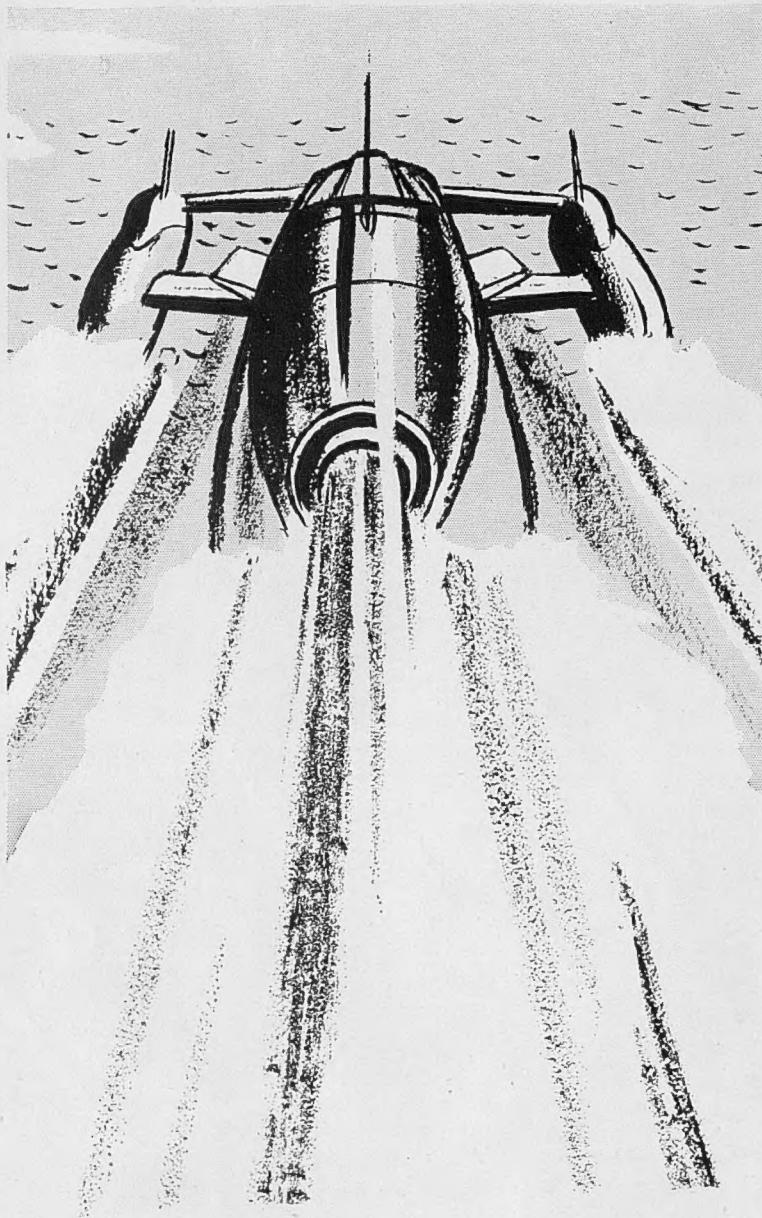
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MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT is the wife of the Rt. Hon. G. E. P. Thorneycroft, P.C., M.P., who is the Conservative M.P. for Monmouth and has been the President of the Board of Trade since 1951. Mrs. Thorneycroft, formerly Countess Carla Roberti, is seen with her small daughter, Victoria Elizabeth Anne, at home in Chester Square

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 26 to January 2

Dec. 26 (Wed.) Boxing Day.

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park, Fontwell Park, Market Rasen, Sedgefield, Wetherby, Wincanton and Wolverhampton.

Dec. 27 (Thurs.) Steeplechasing at Kempton Park, Wolverhampton and Taunton.

Dec. 28 (Fri.) Steeplechasing at Newbury.

Dec. 29 (Sat.) The Belvoir Hunt Ball at Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham, Rutland. Steeplechasing at Newbury.

Dec. 30 (Sun.)

Dec. 31 (Mon.) New Year's Eve.

Dances: Limelight Ball at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind; Royal Aero Club Ball at Londonderry House; H.A.C. Batteries Ball at Armoury House; Chelsea Arts Ball at the Royal Albert Hall.

Steeplechasing at Manchester and Plumpton.

Jan. 1 (Tues.) First performance of the ballet *The Prince Of The Pagodas*, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Steeplechasing at Manchester and Ayr.

Jan. 2 (Wed.) Good Counsel Ball at 6 Belgrave Square.

Steeplechasing at Ayr, Cheltenham and Windsor.

IN LONDON NOW CHRISTMAS SHOWS

“SALAD DAYS” (Vaudeville)

A musical play that in its third year still tinkles its way into people's hearts.

“GRAB ME A GONDOLA” (Lyric)

A zippy musical take-off of film blondes with a rhythm as insistent as a publicity-agent's dialogue.

“FANNY” (Drury Lane)

Not Rodgers and Hammerstein, but well worth seeing for the decor, girls and Robert Morley.

“THE BOY FRIEND” (Wyndham's)

The twenty's skit that rises above its pastiche to a quality of its own. Soon in its fourth year.

“THE PAJAMA GAME” (Coliseum)

Becoming a London landmark this swift, tuneful, energetic musical is American, though its cast is cosmopolitan.

“THESE FOOLISH KINGS” (Victoria Palace)

The Crazy Gang in their latest avalanche of demonic havoc.

“LA PLUME DE MA TANTE” (Garrick)

Anglais-French revue. Funny, astringent, and a “must.” Has a horse in the cast.

“SAILOR BEWARE” (Strand Theatre)

Peggy Mount as funny as she was last Christmas in this riotous domestic farce.

“DRY ROT” (Whitehall)

This farce has not let the house down yet. With Brian Rix, its impresario with the popular touch.

“THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELOR” (Duchess)

Cicely Courtneidge, Robertson Hare and Naunton Wayne. Old favourites in a new old-fashioned rollicking farce.

“THE WONDERFUL LAMP” (Palladium)

With a male Aladdin as an innovation. Norman Wisdom and Sonnie Hale

“DICK WHITTINGTON” (Palace)

George Formby. A welcome addition to an old tradition.

“PETER PAN” (Scala)

Janette Scott this year conducts the delightful rituals in the Never-Never land.

“WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS” (Coliseum) (Matinees only)

Markova and Dolin in the popular balletic production of this classic.

“ALI BABA” (Players’)

An old time pantomime in keeping with this theatre's old time tradition.

“THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN” (Arts)

The famous Victorian melodrama, here played straight, unlike the Players' Productions.

“THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD” (Arts) (Matinees only)

Mr. Nicholas Stuart Gray's admirable children's play.

“THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS” (Lyric, Hammersmith)

Another of Mr. Gray's most popular adaptations of fairy tales.

“NODDY IN TOYLAND” (Stoll) (Matinees only)

Most enjoyable for the youngest children. Miss Blyton knows her stuff.

“THE FAMOUS FIVE” (Hippodrome) (Matinees only)

Miss Blyton's compulsive Christmas fare for children older than Noddy lovers.

“FAMILY FUN” (Adelphi) (Matinees only)

Harry Corbett, Sweep and Sooty in a brand-new edition, with Elton Hayes.

“CINDERELLA ON ICE” (Empire Pool, Wembley)

Gloria Nord makes a most glamorous Cinders in this exotic pantomime on ice.

“BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS” (Olympia)

This best known of all London circuses is as splendid as ever.

“FESTIVAL CIRCUS” (Harringay Arena)

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TWO SHILLINGS
Volume CCXXII. No. 2894

DEC. 26
1956



Tom Blau

The Christmas Princess is twenty

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA was born on Christmas Day, 1936. She went to boarding school in England and later stayed with the Comte de Paris and his family with whom she learnt to speak excellent French; she is a keen horsewoman and plays tennis. After spending a quiet childhood

with her mother and brothers at their home in Buckinghamshire, Princess Alexandra has since come into the public eye as a leader and patron of organizations for young people, in whose activities she takes a great interest, and her delightful personality has charmed all those who have met her

FAMILY FROM CHESHIRE

THE HON. MRS. NEIL CAMPBELL is seen here with her two children, Joanna, who was born in 1953, and Andrew who is a year younger. Mrs. Campbell is the daughter of Sir Ronald Hibbert Cross, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., and her husband is the third son of Lord Colgrain. The Campbells live at Macclesfield, in Cheshire



Navana Vandyk, Wilmslow

Social Journal

Jennifer

A RECITAL BEFORE ROYALTY

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL attended a delightful recital at the Victoria League headquarters in Chesham Place. The Princess, who looked charming in a soft brown dress with three rows of beautiful pearls and a diamond and aquamarine brooch, was presented with a bouquet of pink roses, carnations and chrysanthemums. She was received on her arrival by Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, Chairman of the Victoria League, and Lady Moyra Browne and Mrs. Michael Woods, who both worked indefatigably organizing the recital on behalf of the Westminster and Kensington Branches of the League.

H.R.H. went with them up to the first floor reception rooms, where rows of chairs had been set out for an audience of well over a hundred. The Princess Royal sat in the front row with Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, and nearby them in the same row were Mary Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Worsley, both former chairmen of the League, and Lady Paynter who was in attendance. The Earl of Harewood with the Countess, who was looking most attractive in a little multi-coloured satin hat with her black coat, sat in the front row of another group of chairs at the side.

A truly delightful programme was given by two very young artists, Lavinia Renton and Robin Harrison. The former, who is an extremely pretty girl, wore a long-sleeved black velvet dress cleverly draped, and sang a well-contrasted selection of songs. She has a lovely voice and sings naturally, with no effort and the most perfect diction. This was only her second recital in public, her first being last summer at an Arts Council concert in aid of the S.E. London Music Association. At Victoria League House she sang first in Italian, when her choice included Handel's "Ah Mio Cor, Schernito Sei," two pieces by Paisiello, Gluck's "O Del Mio Dolce Ardor" and Durante's enchanting "Danza Danza." Her second group were sung in French, and were Duparc's three works, "Phidylé," "Chanson Triste" and "La Vie Antérieure," followed by Debussy's "Recit Et Air De Lia." For her encore she sang the delightful "Letter Song" by Renalda Hahn. She was accompanied extremely well by Martin Isepp.

Robin Harrison is a young pianist of tremendous promise. He won several scholarships to study in this country, and more recently a scholarship to study for a year in Italy. At the conclusion of this he went on to Hungary and only left Budapest two weeks before the present crisis arose. Now he is back here to work, and will, I am sure,

go a long way, as he is an outstandingly able pianist. One member of the audience was that very fine musician, Mr. Ivor Newton, who has great admiration for this young artist's playing, and has done much to encourage and help him. At the recital Robin Harrison played Mozart's Sonata in D and later Chopin's Etude in G Flat, Liszt's Concert Study, "La Leggierezza," Rachmaninoff's Prelude in D Major, and finally "Allegro Appassionato" by Saint-Saens, which he interpreted with great feeling. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harrison, and brother and sister-in-law, were there to hear him play and must have felt very proud.

Also in the audience I saw Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lavinia Renton's husband Major Edward Renton, her mother, the Hon Lady Lascelles, Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster who was off to America the following day to spend Christmas with her mother, Princess Galitzine who had entertained the Princess Royal to tea before the recital, the Dowager Countess of Bessborough, the Marquise de Miramon, Mrs. G. Weissweiller, Lady Balfour, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Freda Countess of Listowel, Mrs. Bernard Finnigan, Lady Colles and Mrs. Humphrey Brooke.

* * *

ROYAL blue and white was the colour scheme chosen by Miss Edwin Barford, daughter of Mr. Edward Barford and the Hon Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster, for her marriage to Mr. Rudolph Burger, jun., son of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Burger, of Sands Point, Long Island, New York. The service took place at the Grosvenor Chapel in South Audley Street, which was decorated with white flowers. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely dress of white French lace with a train and a flowing tulle veil, held in place by a headdress of orange-blossom. Her three child bridesmaids wore long royal blue velvet dresses with short trains, white feather headdresses, and carried blue velvet muffs trimmed with white feathers. They were Melanie Palmer, Annabel Morley and Angela Hubbard, with Miss Caroline Barford (the bride's sister), Miss Virginia Estcourt, Miss Sarah Johnstone, and Miss Rosemary Hubbard.

After the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom's parents received the guests at a reception at the Dorchester, where I saw the bride's grandmother, Lady Ashfield, also her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard, who later was taking her bridesmaid daughters, Rosemary and Angela

Hubbard, to catch the train back to Southover, where they are at school. The Hon. James Stuart, Secretary of State for Scotland, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and among friends there to join in this toast were the bridegroom's brother Mr. Milan Burger, who was best man, Lord and Lady Monson, Mrs. Robert Morley who had a daughter acting as bridesmaid, Sir Gervaise and Lady Tennyson-d'Eyncourt (the latter wearing a pink hat with her mink coat), and Lady Cullen, in a group with Mrs. Edward Barford, who was wearing a very gay ostrich-feather hat.

Also there were Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn, Mrs. Graham Bailey, Lady Courtney, the Hon. William Bethell, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, the Hon. Mrs. John Partridge in a bright pink suit, with her mother-in-law Mrs. Claud Partridge, Mr. Tom Craig, Miss Judy Dugdale, Mrs. Victor Seely, Mrs. Denis Russell and Mrs. Scobie Gilmer.

★ ★ ★

THE John Clements management were gracious in sending me tickets for the opening night of William Congreve's *The Way Of The World*, in which Mr. Clements plays the lead as well as directing the play, at the Saville Theatre. This is the fifth in a series of classical plays he has produced in this theatre over some months, and I thought it a fine production. Kay Hammond plays the role of Mrs. Millamant, and looks ethereal in pale pink and blue with powdered curls. Margaret Rutherford as usual gives a scintillating performance, and her Lady Wishfort was irresistibly funny.

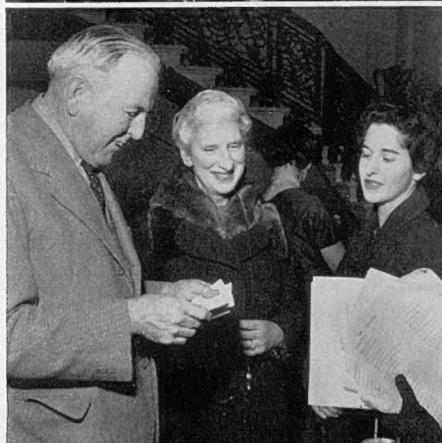
Many members of the theatrical world were in the audience, including Robert MacDermott and his wife, and Nora Swinburne and her husband Esmond Knight—his daughter, Rosalind Knight, was a member of the cast. I also saw Yolande Donlan, Lady Bartlett—better known to millions as Mary Malcolm the television announcer—who was in blue taffeta with a mink coat, Richard Goolden, Faith Brook, Kenneth Griffith and Pauline Jameson, looking very attractive in turquoise blue satin under a black silk coat. Patrick Barr who has been playing opposite her in radio and television recently, was also present.

Several members of the cast of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, the previous play at the Saville, which came off the week before, were in the audience. Among them were Sir Lewis Casson, Paul Daneman, Laurence Hardy, Ann Todd very pretty in a black velvet evening coat with a white fox collar, and Michael Ashwin. Rose Marchioness of Headfort was in her usual front row seat, Norman Hartnell

Mary Duchess of Devonshire, with
Lady Harlech



The Earl and Countess of Harewood
were present



Sir Percy and Lady Orde, with their
daughter, Mrs. Mark Dyer



The Princess, Admiral Sir C. Harcourt, Lady Moyra Browne

was there, also Doris Zinkeisen, who designed the settings and costumes while Perlita Neilson slipped over from the Phoenix Theatre, where she is playing in *The Diary Of Anne Frank*, to see the last scene.

★ ★ ★

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK PILE, President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and Lady Pile, who looked most attractive in grey, were the guests of honour at the Kandahar Ski Club dinner dance at the Savoy Hotel, which was a very gay and happy gathering. There were many winter sports personalities present, and one heard plans for skiing being discussed on every side. The chairman this year was Mr. Jimmy Riddell, one of the finest skiers England has ever produced, and a very charming and popular personality. During the war he trained our Alpine troops, and since then he has travelled extensively in many parts of the world and written several successful and interesting books. Incidentally, he was off two days later for four months' skiing in Switzerland, to collect material for a really informative book on the sport, and details of the different runs all over Switzerland. It should become a treasured handbook for all winter sports enthusiasts.

At the end of the Kandahar dinner—where there are no speeches—the chairman said a few words welcoming the guests, in particular Sir Frederick and Lady Pile, and Lady Mabel Lunn, whose famous husband Sir Arnold Lunn missed the dinner as he was not back from a lecture tour in the United States. He also welcomed Mlle. Ella (Kini) Maillart and Dr. Walter Amstutz; the former, who was over from Switzerland lecturing in this country, is not only a very fine skier but is one of the most travelled women in the world, and some years ago made an amazing journey on foot across China into India. Dr. Amstutz, who was only here for a week, gave the splendid news that there had already been a heavy fall of snow in Switzerland on a perfect hard frozen base, so that those going out for Christmas were very elated. Dr. Amstutz was at one time a very fine skier, and formed the Swiss Academic Ski Club.

OTHERS at the dinner included Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield who were off, they told me, to Engelberg on the twenty-first of this month, and then on to St. Moritz in the New Year. Their son-in-law and daughter, Col. and Mrs. Hensman, who both ski well, were also at the dinner, as were Lady Raeburn and her son, Col. Digby Raeburn of the Scots Guards, a former chairman of the Kandahar Club, and his sister, Miss Patricia Raeburn, for many years the very

[Continued overleaf]



Van Hallan

A Recital by a young singer and pianist, sponsored by the Victoria League, was graced by the presence of the Princess Royal. On arrival she was presented with a bouquet by Rosemary Browne (above), who is the daughter of Lady Moyra Browne



LADY PORCHESTER with her infant son, who was christened George Reginald Oliver Molyneux at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the Queen's seventeenth godchild and his grandfather is the Earl of Carnarvon

efficient honorary secretary. Mr. Irving Aitchison, a former President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, was present, also W/Cdr. and Mrs. Grant Ferris; he, like Sir Wavell Wakefield and Mr. H. R. Spence—who, with his wife, were other guests—had to leave for a short time to record their vote in the House of Commons where there was a division.

Miss Roddy Warren Pearl, looking attractive in blue, was in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler, and I met Miss Addie Pryor, Mrs. Gray—who before her marriage was Miss Fiona Campbell—Miss Hilleary Laing and Mrs. Ruaraidh Hilleary, formerly Miss Sheena Mackintosh, who have all skied for England. Other ski-ing personalities present were Mr. Nigel Gardner, the Olympic skier, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyagis, Mr. Christopher Mackintosh and his wife, Mrs. Paul Hepworth, Mrs. J. Palmer Tompkinson, attractive in a short white beaded dress, Mrs. Ripley Oddie, whose husband was making his first appearance since his recent illness, and Mr. Eric Lewns who organized the dinner so efficiently. He is a devotee of Switzerland and always spends some part of each season ski-ing there.

Sir Adrian and Lady Chamier were there, also the Marquess and Marchioness of Donegall, Mr. John Houlder, who skis in Switzerland whenever business permits during each winter, Mr. Angus Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Eaton, Mr. Ruaraidh Hilleary, his brother-in-law Mr. Charlach Mackintosh, Mrs. McCarthy and Mr. Ronald Morrison, a prominent committee member of the Ski Club of Great Britain.

★ ★ ★

SIR ROGER MAKINS, our former Ambassador in Washington, and Lady Makins, were recently the guests of honour at the American Women's Club in Queen's Gate. The occasion, a very cheery one, also celebrated the third birthday of the club in its present premises. It has moved its headquarters several times, having been started in 1899, when Lady Randolph Churchill became the first chairman of the first philanthropic committee.

There to meet Sir Roger and Lady Makins was the present chairman, Mrs. Thompson-Schab, a very live member of the Club, whose husband was also present, Mrs. Stinebower, chairman of the Volunteer Committee, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hargreaves, G/Capt. and Mrs. H. M. Groves, Lady Micklem, Mrs. Morley Emerson, Lady Eardley Wilmot and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Christopher Wren.

MRS. DEREK SCHREIBER gave what I am sure will be remembered as one of the best dances of the year for her daughter Baroness Darcy de Knayth, at Claridge's. Everything was arranged to perfection and all the young people present were fresh and enthusiastic, and thoroughly enjoyed their evening, not having been dancing night after night as they do during the summer season. Davina Darcy de Knayth, who is fair and very attractive with poise and great charm, made a lovely picture of English girlhood, wearing a soft pink satin dress with a folded ceinture of deeper coloured satin, as she stood with her mother receiving the long line of guests, who numbered several hundred. Mrs. Schreiber was very chic in green with a magnificent diamond tiara.

Many friends gave dinner parties for the ball, including Viscountess Maitland, Margaret Lady Glanusk, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Remnant, Viscountess Bridgeman, the Hon. Mrs. Agnew, Lady Rose Baring, Lady Brocket and Mme. de Steensen-Leth and her husband, the Danish Ambassador, whom I saw at the dance talking to Brig. Sir Norman Gwatkin. Brig. Derek Schreiber was there, quietly moving among their friends, seeing that everything was going as planned.

I noticed two of next year's débutantes getting into their stride, dancing the whole evening: first, Miss Francesca Roberti, the dark and vivacious daughter of Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, and secondly Sir Eric and Lady Bowater's blonde and very attractive girl Sarah, who came in Viscountess Maitland's party. She has great charm with a delightful quiet manner, and like Francesca she is sure to make many friends when they make their début next year.

OTHER young people dancing were Lady Mary Maitland, pretty in red, Miss Jane Allday, attractive in white satin, Miss Sarah Oldfield and Lady Clarissa Duncombe, both also in white—the latter with touches of green—the Earl of Brecknock, the Hon. Susan Remnant, Miss Gay Lawson and the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, both in lovely embroidered and beaded pink tulle dresses, Miss Susie Hennessy, gay and vivacious, talking to Mr. Alistair Mackintosh, Miss Julia Stonor, and Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart, whom I saw dancing a reel.

Miss Carol Dugdale, in the lovely gold-embossed white dress she wore at her own coming-out dance in October, was there, also Miss Juliet Anderson, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Miss Susan Berry in yellow, Mr. Paul Channon, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Miss Belinda Gold, Miss Sally Hall, Miss Elaine de Miramon, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Sally Hambro, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Miss Nicolette Kindersley, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, Miss Elizabeth Tierry-Mieg, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch and her brother John, Miss Wendy Raphael, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Countess Dagmar Brockenhuis-Schack, and Miss Belinda Pascoe in red, who, with her partner, really was dancing a "rock 'n' roll" with grace and rhythm, as it can be danced.

There was a second small band in the third room beyond the main ballroom, which had twinkling stars on midnight-blue net at the long windows, glorious all-white flowers and subdued lighting, to resemble a night club.

It was an extraordinarily good party, with everyone knowing so many friends that I for one stayed far later than I usually do at a dance. Among the older guests, besides those who gave dinner parties, and some of the young marrieds, I saw Lady Anne Fummi, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hornby, the latter attractive in ice-blue satin, Baroness Ravensdale dancing energetically, W/Cdr. Michael Constable-Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. David Wentworth Stanley.

★ ★ ★

EARLIER in the evening I had been to a very big and most delightful cocktail party which Col. Butler, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Grenadier Guards, and Lady Butler gave in Belgrave Square. Here again there were a great number of friends who knew each other, so it was never for one moment a "sticky" party. Among the guests I met Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, who was over from Cyprus for a short visit, Col. and Mrs. Murray-Laws, Mr. Donald Fraser and his attractive French-born wife, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn talking to Mrs. Greenish, the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Plunkett, Lord and Lady Monson, Mr. and Mrs. Tozer and Sir Napoleon and Lady Brinckman conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Ian Galloway, who were on one of their brief visits to London; also Lady Raglan talking to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harbord, and Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who, like Mrs. Gerald Walker, who was also at the party, have a daughter coming out next year.

I also met the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, wending their way through the big crowd, Mr. John Marnan, Q.C., the German Ambassador who arrived when the party was in full swing, Mrs. Patrick Stirling and Mrs. Jack Dennis. Lovely flowers were arranged in the entrance hall and landings and the roomy first floor reception-rooms, where a small regimental band of the Grenadier Guards, immaculate in their scarlet tunics, played during the party.



Dr. O. H. Wyatt, Miss Pauline Fields, Mr. John Price and Miss Diana Carkeet-James



Desmond O'Neill
Miss Sylvia Stopps, Mr. James Giddings and Mr. Edgar Morgan at a table

The Downhill Only ball was held at the Savoy Hotel and was attended by many members and their guests. The guest of honour was Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, who made a witty speech. The club's headquarters are at Wengen

Lady Douglas and Mr. K. D. Foster, club president

Mr. J. Rankin and Miss Pat Smythe, the famous rider



Mrs. Pat Rankin and Lord Douglas of Kirtleside

Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and Sir Adrian Jarvis

M R. AND MRS. BERNARD SUNLEY kindly lent their flat in Berkeley Square and entertained guests who came to the first committee meeting in connection with the Winter Ball. This annual event, which is always one of the best run and most enjoyable of the New Year fixtures, takes place this year at the Dorchester on February 20. Viscountess Kilmuir is President of the Ball and Lady (Elena) Bennett chairman, with the Earl of Woolton and Mr. Oliver Poole as patrons. Lady Bennett presided at this meeting, and Viscountess Kilmuir made one of her usual sensible and well-delivered speeches. Among others present were Lady Gammans and Mr. E. P. Rugg; the latter is the very live chairman of the Political Committee of the Junior Carlton Club, which has made such strides in both the political and club world in the past couple of years.

Sir Nigel Colman, who has very nobly once again taken on the office of honorary treasurer of the ball, was at the meeting with Lady Colman, who looked very chic in a snow-white cossack hat, which suited her admirably. Lady Plender was there to give her support, also the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer. Tickets for the ball may be had from Miss Nancy Scott, 8 Hertford Avenue, S.W.14.

* * *

THE Pineapple Ball, which is another well-run and very gay annual affair, always attended by a large number of young people, takes place at Grosvenor House on January 10. This is to raise money for the Stowe Boys' Club. The club was founded in 1927, and housed in the disused "Pineapple" public house; since the war they have been in rented premises. Now the dream of their own club house is within sight of realization. The net profit of this year's ball will go towards the new club being built in Marylebone in 1960. Tickets are obtainable from the Honorary Secretary, 10 Chesterford Gardens, N.W.3.

* * *

ON January 8, a Young People's Ball (8 p.m. to 12.30 a.m.) will take place at Londonderry House, Park Lane. This is in aid of the League of Pity and tickets are obtainable from Mrs. John Carras, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.



Judge Carl Aarvold, who proposed "The Club," and Mrs. Aarvold

Brig. Sir Norman Gwathkin and Viscountess Kilmuir

HELPING A BOYS' CLUB

A DINNER AND BALL was given for the West Ham Boys and Amateur Boxing Club at the Savoy Hotel. Above: Lady Mancroft, Sir John Nott-Bower, Lord Mancroft, Lady Nott-Bower

Mr. R. Bramble, Miss Susan Dewhurst, the Hon. Penelope Dewar

Viscount and Viscountess Stormont were here with Mr. Iain Murray



Miss Sally Churchill dancing with Mr. Ian Fraser



Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Grumbar greeting friends



Mr. P. Murray Willis, Mrs. J. Pascoe and Mrs. Murray Willis

A. V. Swaebe

MAPLE LEAF BALL

MEMBERS of the Canadian Women's Club and their guests spent a very enjoyable evening at the club's annual Maple Leaf Ball, held at the Dorchester



Mr. Norman Robertson, Canadian High Commissioner, Countess Alexander of Tunis, Ball President, and Mrs. N. Robertson, Vice-President



Mr. Douglas Turner, Miss Joan Engholm, Mr. Peter Milner and Miss Martha Richardson were others at this successful ball



Mr. S. Pierce, Assistant High Commissioner, and Mrs. H. J. B. Lintott



Mrs. Ustinov and Mr. Peter Ustinov drawing for prizes at midnight



Mr. H. Cruikshank, Mrs. Dunn, Dr. H. Dunn and Mrs. R. H. Jennings



Mr. John Moseley was chatting with Miss Diana Abrahams-Curiel



The company included Mrs. Grant Morden, Mr. George Moseley, Mrs. Marcus, Mr. Angus Irwin, Mrs. Jessica de Pass, Mrs. G. Moseley, Club Chairman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. R. Meggison

THE CLOWN-SOUL OF THE CIRCUS

ANTONY HIPPISEY COXE, authority on the fascinating history of the sawdust ring, here examines the fundamental part played by the clowns, and sets out some of the highlights to be seen this year in London



Karah-Khavak (left) has an unusual circus act in that he hypnotizes crocodiles without actually touching them. (Below) Philippe Gruss with his leopards, at twenty-two the youngest animal trainer in the world



THAT is one thing we must get straight from the start, which is that, technically speaking, Alby Austin of Bertram Mills Circus, whose photograph appears on the opposite page, is not a clown at all. He is an *auguste*, as different as chalk from cheese.

A clown has a dead-white face, which is often relieved by one exaggerated eyebrow in black, and a red mouth of ordinary proportions; his costume, of satin or sequins, is both stylized and exquisite, while on his head he wears the traditional sugar-loaf hat. Furthermore, it is he who carries the slapstick, dealing out blows, but never receiving them himself.

He-who-gets-slapped is the *auguste*, clown's ludicrous partner, the butt of all jests, the stooge in the baggy checked trousers held up by an outsized safety-pin, the fool with a face like a grotesque mask, whose misfortunes make us laugh—and sometimes cry....

Perhaps one of the most fascinating things is the indifference to frontiers that every circus displays. Among the many performers in Tom Arnold's Circus at Harringay this year you will find a Czech, who, under the name of Karah-Khavak, hypnotizes crocodiles from the Nile. There is Philippe Gruss, a twenty-two year old Frenchman who has spent three years training twelve leopards from South Asia. Rudi Jurkstad, born in Silesia, presents camels from North Africa; while Octave de Yongne from Belgium works English sporting dogs. The Kam Tai Troupe come from China; the Primlettys from Hungary; the Schickler Sisters from Austria; and Lony, who balances twenty-two chairs in his mouth, is a Latvian.

IONDON, however, is fortunate in having more than one circus. One can no longer say, "Oh ! I've been to the circus." There are two quite different types. And at Olympia one can enjoy a programme in the Mills tradition. But circus tradition is international, and so here also one finds performers from the four corners of the earth. The excellent bar act, the Oliveras, comes from Spain; the Mohawks introduce Australia, and Malikova comes from America. The liberty horses belong to Krone, a famous German circus proprietor, but they are presented by Joszi Vinicky, who hails from Czechoslovakia. And there is Alby Austin, the English *auguste*—which brings us back to clowns in general, and that phrase now includes *augustes* in particular.

To tell a good clown from a bad one is easy; either he makes you laugh or he doesn't. To distinguish a really great clown is more difficult. He will never appear to be playing a part. One cannot imagine him rehearsing. He seems to be a fathomless source of perfect improvisation, often using contradictory techniques. As André Suaréz has said, "His greatest cry is silence; stupor is his eloquence."

A GREAT clown will never stoop to caricature; for we caricature only what we dislike. To ridicule the things we love demands the higher art of parody. The clown is the epitome of the circus because he is the synthesis of all its elements. The modern circus was invented by a trick-rider; but close behind came Mme. Angot and the comedy riding act. There are acrobatic clowns and there are musical clowns. There are clown jugglers, and there are clown trainers, some of whom have taught their animals to poke fun at those in authority. A clown must be able to excel at anything which he dares to parody.

In a well-designed programme, he contributes to the emotional pattern. When your nerves are still tense with the thrills of an aerial act, the clown will come and release your emotions in laughter. He will provide the foil of contrast: the grotesque after the graceful, the blatant after the subtle, and repose after violent movement.

Like a rope-dancer, he treads a narrow path. He walks the wire which divides humour and pathos. He holds the balance between the cloudiest sanity and the clearest lunacy. He plays with situations, and characters, and words, as the juggler plays his clubs and knives and balls. He can appear as eccentric as any contortionist, yet one realizes that beneath all his buffoonery there lies dignity. And the path of the aerialist is matched by the flights of this fool's fancy....

For the clown is the soul of the circus.





A TEEN-AGE PETER PAN

JANETTE SCOTT is now appearing as Peter Pan at the Scala Theatre, and in this she is following in the footsteps of many famous actresses who have played Barrie's immortal boy. As the daughter of Thora Hird, Miss Scott has been brought up in the theatrical tradition, but is known chiefly for her acting in films, such as *No Place For Jennifer*. Her latest film is *The Good Companions*

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

PROFESSOR ROBERT MATTHEW's design for the proposed New Zealand House, on the site of the old Carlton Hotel, has a lot to be said for it.

There are those, the Fine Arts Commission among them, who jib at the austere "modern" style and at a central two-hundred-foot tower which will overtop Nelson's column and the Duke of York's, and even vie with Big Ben, which leaps higher, but from lower ground.

Here, I think, the traditionalists are wrong. One of the charms of the London scene is to glimpse—above the trees of the central parks—towers, pinnacles and columns, ancient and modern: how much nobler than they really are seem the modern hotel buildings of Park Lane from Hyde Park, and how fairy-like the pinnacles of Whitehall Court from the St. James's Park bridge!

This particular corner of London, where the clubs of Pall Mall give way to

the great shipping offices and banks of Cockspur Street, is not so homogeneous, architecturally, that a modern building will "spoil" it: what character it has comes from its variety and unexpectedness. To me, the proposed new building would be elegantly interesting, and enhance the long vista from the end of Pall Mall, along Northumberland Avenue.

Now the Carlton Club site, only three hundred yards away, is quite a different matter from that of the Carlton Hotel. The bombed gap between the Reform Club and the R.A.C. is to provide the site for what is described as a new business building, and no plans have yet been published. Here, a tall building would destroy the character of the south side of the street, which forms a terrace of handsome buildings, homogeneous in height and in feeling, if not in style. Not that I have any reason, yet, to fear that the special character of Pall Mall is to be spoiled—still less that

Professor Matthew, for all his architectural adventurousness less than a quarter of a mile away, would approve of any such caper. He is a member of the Reform Club himself, and I cannot see him welcoming a next-door neighbour out of keeping with that club's handsome Italianate home—by no means the least noble facade in a noble thoroughfare.

★ ★ ★

"I MUST confess that I was once rather friendly with a bandit in the Balkans," is a magnificent phrase to come across in a book on food by a woman, when so many compilations of the kind are so desperately ladylike. It prefacing Lesley Blanch's recipe for that unlikely Albanian dish, honeyed potatoes, which she used to help to carry up, she says, to the mountain fastness where lurked Salko the bandit, shaven-headed, and enormously mous-

tachioed, hung with firearms, embroidered jackets, and amulets against the evil eye.

It will be seen that I take kindly to this collection of exotic dishes from faraway places, *Round The World In Eighty Dishes*, a book of delight both in eating and in travelling, delightfully written into the bargain, and thus fit to be set along Sir Harry Luke's similar set of gastronomic sorties. Though I wish that English writers would learn how to spell "Giuseppe," and I dispute Miss Blanch's derivation of the word *mayonnaise*, which she holds to commemorate the French Marshal MacMahon, bivouacking in some forlorn village during the Crimean war, whereas I have always understood it to have been originally named *Mahonnaise* after the French victory at Port Mahon in Minorca, captured from the British a couple of hundred years ago.

The dictionaries are doubtful about it, though both the sauce and the word seem to ante-date Marshal MacMahon and the Crimea. All the same, I cannot support those romantics who look as far back as Mary Queen of Scots and her French physician, whom they claim to have invented—improbably enough—a concoction of eggs, oil and cream as a specific against sea-sickness: *mer en aise*. And as for the bottled emulsion that now masquerades under the noble and time-honoured name . . . ! An unlikelier specific still.

★ ★ ★

ONE of Miss Blanch's recipes is for the Café Diable of Martinique, which concerns orange, strong black coffee, spices and blazing brandy. I don't know that the coffee-houses of England have ever taken the brew quite as seriously as that—neither the espresso bars of our own time, nor those first forerunners of the seventeenth century, where the "rare Arabian cordial" was first brewed, which became the ancestors of Lloyd's, the Baltic Exchange, and a couple of the more worldly London clubs of our own time.

The early history of the coffee-houses of England has been recently set down by Aytoun Ellis in *The Penny Universities*, a fascinating, scholarly account of how the first coffee-house in Christendom was set

FRUMENTY

(The eating on New Year's Eve of hulled wheat boiled in milk, called frumenty, is an old custom in the North of England.)

Frumenty, frumenty,
Is hot and made of wheat,
You serve this Northern porridge
The New Year to greet.
Frumenty, frumenty,
Is served at midnight-tide,
When fire is on the hearthstone,
And frost outside.
Frumenty, frumenty,
It quickens hearts and eyes.
You eat it laced and steaming
As the Old Year dies.

—ERIC CHILMAN

• • •

up in Oxford, soon to be taken over by a Jewish Jacobite called Jobson—a character that I have always wanted to know more about: did he march with the Old Pretender? At least one other Jewish Jacobite did, for Francis Francia suffered a state trial after the 'Fifteen, as Sir Charles Petrie has recorded.

Of all the stories of the host of eighteenth-century coffee-houses in St. James's that became clubs, as White's did, I like the one that Mr. Ellis tells about the Cocoa Tree, of which the Prince Regent was a member. A club servant wrote to ask a favour, and began his letter, "Sam, the waiter at the Cocoa Tree, presents his compliments to the Prince of Wales. . . ." When the Prince next met Sam he warned him about the freedom of his epistolary style: "You see, Sam, this may be all very well between you and me, but it would never do with the Norfolks and the Arundels. . . ."

★ ★ ★

THERE is just time, before 1957 is upon us, to record that this present, dying year can be regarded as the centenary of the National Portrait Gallery, for it was in December 1856 that it was first set up, after a speech from Lord Palmerston typical of an age that believed in progress and human perfectibility:

" . . . there cannot, I feel convinced, be a greater incentive to mental exertion, to noble actions, to good conduct, on the part of the living, than for them to see

before them the features of those who have done things which are worthy of our admiration and whose example we are more induced to imitate when they are brought before us in the visible and tangible style of portraits."

Whether anyone, in these unregenerate days, looks in at the National Portrait Gallery, in quite such a mood of self-improvement, seems doubtful, but I find it a fascinating place in which to browse—speculating, for instance, on whether the Victorians really were as sure of themselves as they looked, or whether it was facial hair, merely, that makes Whyte-Melville, say, all lush cavalry moustache and baroque whisker, look so supremely self-confident (and elderly), at fifty, compared with such a contemporary of our own as Leslie Howard, the actor, at the same age; a young, clean-shaven, wistful, basically bewildered 20th-century man.

The labels to the portraits are not without their own interest. Why, for instance, is the obscure William Jerdan labelled "journalist of principle," and the plaster statuette of Tom Sayers, "the clean-fighting pugilist"? Are such birds as rare as all that? There is a drawing by Will Rothenstein of that superb reporter, the gallant H. W. Nevinson, to prove the contrary of my own trade, at any rate.

FRED ARCHER, the jockey, is among the latest acquisitions, the gallery never having confined itself to the most pompous professions, as the history books do. And I commend amateurs, both of character and of social change, to study the Frenchman Tissot's portrait of that typical Victorian Englishman, Captain Burnaby of the Blues, a Ouida guardsman if ever there was one, hero of the ride to Khiva, killed while still a young man, in the vain dash to save Gordon at Khartoum. We see him here relaxed on a sofa, but still in his regimentals, with his forage cap by his side and his helmet on the sideboard, smoking a rakish cigarette—a Sullivan, surely? It was social suicide in those days to smoke Virginian—and on his upper lip that waxed-ended moustache that had so brief a period of U-usage before being exiled to the sergeant's mess, in exchange, I suppose, for gaspers.

BRIGGS by Graham



W. WATERFORD AT TALLOW

IN clear late-autumn weather the West Waterford Hunt enjoyed a day's sport at Tallow. The delightful scene below was taken as hounds left under Mrs. T. D. Morgan



Miss M. Roch, Mrs. B. K. C. Arbuthnot, Miss M. Alexander and Miss V. Wolfe-Barry

Mrs. Lavender Rose, her daughter Miss Dawn Montgomery and Capt. T. D. Morgan



OUT WITH THE SCARTEEN

KNOCKLONG saw the gathering of the Scarteen (the "Black and Tans") Hunt in uncertain weather, but despite this the day was enjoyable. Below, the Master and huntsman, Mr. T. F. Ryan, moves off



Capt. and Mrs. Edward Pearce,
ex-joint-Masters of the Wexford



The Hon. Peter Hemphill from
Galway, and Mrs. P. P. Hogan



The Hon. Caroline Wyndham-Quin, the Marquess of Waterford and Mr. A. Lillington

A CORK MEET

THE SOUTH UNION HUNT held a meet at Ballygarven, Co. Cork. Below, Mrs. I. P. Hitchmough and Mrs. H. Musgrave and (right) Mr. Austin Love, Master since 1919, with Mr. Patrick Crosbie, now joint-Master



UNITED HUNT CLUB

A LARGE FIELD turned out for the United Hunt Club's meet which was held at Carrignavar, Co. Cork. Rather than following hounds, John Norris Russell, Veronica Kelly and Miles O'Donovan were content to admire



The Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. E. Glen Brown



Mrs. G. A. Branfille, Miss E. Harrington, Miss V. Beamish

Mr. Barry M. O'Meara, Mr. Declan Dwyer and Capt. E. Glen Brown





FREDERIQUE HEBRARD autographs her novel "Le Mois de Septembre," with which she won the Prix Carven, which is a new literary award in France established by the well-known maker of scent



A NEW PLAY on an old theme is to be seen in Paris; the three main characters, Adam (Jean-Francois Calve), Eve (Christians Lasquin) and the Serpent (Andre Reybaz) as they appear in "L'Arbre" by novelist Jean Dutour

Priscilla in Paris

TERROR AT THE GARE

WHENEVER I have been away from Paris for a while I expect to find the city changed on my return. Not specifically for the better or for the worse but, somehow, just changed. It never is. This time, especially, I thought the petrol restrictions would have cleared the streets. Not a hope! The same old traffic blocks endure. Arriving at the Gare Montparnasse in the late afternoon is still the most frightening introduction to Paris that a visitor can experience.

Cars and omnibuses come charging down the steep hill that begins at the street so rightly, and yet so strangely placed, to be named "de la Gaité." At right angles to the principal thoroughfare luggage and crate-laden vehicles hurtle down the ramp of the goods yard and the two streams mingle in a menacing maelstrom. The turmoil threshes around the Place du Maine at the bottom of the steps where the terrified traveller emerges . . . and trembles!

OUR harassed City Fathers have implored us, poor, put-upon owner-drivers that we are, to travel by public transport. We endeavour to comply. Why then have even taxi-drivers been restricted as to fuel with the result that when, at certain hours, we beckon to them, their surly reply is: "where-you-going?" It makes one livid though it stands to reason that if the poor creatures have only enough juice to get them back to their base they cannot very well take a fare across Paris in an opposite direction.





However, these things have their diverting side. One must see, as Josephine advises, *le bon côté des choses*. As, on our way home, we passed down the car-lined streets, tail-light to mascot standing along the kerb, she remarked: "Such nonsense about no parking space! Madame has only to look! All these cars have found room!!!"

My first sortie in Paris happened to take me through the Place Gaillon at the hour when the ten members of the Académie Goncourt, luching *chez* Drouant, were deciding, by vote, to award their annual prize to Romain Gary for his novel *Les Racines du Ciel*. There was the usual anonymous crowd mixed up with the usual gentlemen of the press and usual *agents de police* in their unusual second best uniforms. So much usual excitement that I shall never understand. What possible thrill can there be for the average man in the street to hear the name of the winner of a literary prize an hour or so earlier than he will be able to read it—together with the racing news and the latest disaster—in his evening paper?

THIS year there was not even the hope of seeing the hero of the day on his way to be crowned. This was rather a pity for Romain Gary is most personable. He is a flying ace of World War One and holds a brilliant record for the last one; he is tall, dark, has positively "flashing" eyes, a most seductive voice and a ducky moustache. All the attributes of a screen star rather than the supposedly staider and more tranquil graces of a writer. When he is neither fighting, flying or writing he is attending to his career in the diplomatic service, some ten thousand kilometres from Paris, at La Paz, in Bolivia.

As usual the Goncourt gentlemen did themselves proud over the luncheon party with which the event is celebrated. Oysters, grilled lobster, *Poularde aux truffes*, glorified potatoes, cheeses too varied to name, a pineapple sweet and fruit. There were also *mignardises* . . . which makes me smile. To serve *mignardises* to an areopagus of middle-aged (understatement) gentlemen is something of an anticlimax!

PARIS theatres have varied fare to offer this Christmas. British visitors who, thanks to the Barrault-Renaud company in London, have spent a joyous evening with the warmhearted lady named *Amélie*, may like to know that they will find another Feydeau farce, *l'Hotel du Libre Echange* at the Marigny theatre. . . . If one has time to book seats, Dumas Fils' *Le Demi-Monde* must not be missed at the Comédie Francaise.

Our eminent critic, mentor and newly elected "Immortal," M. Robert Kemp, strongly advises our attendance at the new playhouse of the Alliance Francaise (boulevard Raspail) where Jacques Fabbri's remarkable company is giving Scarpetta's *Misère et Noblesse* in an excellent adaptation by Antonie Braga. High in colour, turbulent in action and, in sentiment, profoundly moving.

Gout Anglais?

- Who is it who said: "It is a curious thing that when one speaks from the heart, it is invariably considered in the worst of taste"?



GALA OPENING OF LA SCALA

THE international world of music was well represented at the inauguration of the winter season at Milan's world-famous opera house. Above: singers Antonietta Stella and Giuseppe di Stefano



Signora Brenner buys flowers at this glittering gathering



Baroness Hubner was among the cosmopolitan audience



Balmain, the famous couturier, arrives with his wife



Silvana Pampanini at this gala performance of "Aida"

At the Theatre

CONGREVE'S DAMP ROCKET

CONGREVE is one of the great bones of contention between literary chaps and theatrical chaps. There are passages in *The Way Of The World* beyond which the comedy of manners has never in any language reached, and the actress who can handle them rightly turns before our eyes into the supreme heroine of the English comic drama. "What more can you want for your stage?" ask the literary chaps with an air of civil triumph.

And theatrical chaps reply sadly, "We want the actress who can do the trick, and the quite extraordinary difficulty of the trick is shown by the fact that once, at Hammersmith in 1924, she appeared in the person of the young Edith Evans, and there has been nobody since. Hence our reservations when you go on cracking up the play as the finest comedy in the canon. Can a stage masterpiece have a plot which is nearly unintelligible and depend on an actress whose unique qualities are not likely to recur more than once every hundred years or so?"

The new production at the Saville will give little comfort to either side in the old controversy. It turns out to be just another warning that without the Heaven-sent actress the play had better be left quiescent in its literary glory. Yet theatrical chaps have reason to be especially disappointed at the outcome. In trying to provide an alternative repertory to the Shakespearian classics at the Old Vic, Mr. John Clements has given them a great deal of pleasure.

ONE can understand his wish to wind up a season which has included such undoubted good things as *The Wild Duck* and *The Rivals* in the grand manner. In what grander manner could it be wound up than by challenging the general belief that Dame Edith had made any other Millamant but her own unthinkable for a long while to come? Twice in recent years the challenge had been taken up, but without success. Even so, did not the stage personality of Miss Kay Hammond promise to fit the part deliciously?

So it might well have been thought, but in the event something goes disastrously wrong. The comedy of Millamant is that she is a lady of fashion who has fallen in love, but since she conceives it to be the whole duty of a lady of fashion to be witty and elegant and to feel nothing she must continue to treat the marriage she



"THE WAY OF THE WORLD" (Saville Theatre). Millamant (Kay Hammond) is clearly deriving enormous pleasure from her delicate railing of Mirabell (John Clements) who for his part has his own firm proposals to propound and aims to achieve before a marriage ceremony is agreed upon and signed. All comes right in the end. Drawings by Emmwood

fully intends to make as merely an occasion for a display even more dazzling than usual of wit and elegance.

She is a type of the superior ladies who do not think, not of those that do, and she is perfectly happy to pose in the social mirror, holding the reality of life as far as possible away from her. But what differentiates her from the type is not only the quality of her wit but also her sheer delight in the exercise of it. It is as though she were conscious of the good things her author has given her to say and is the more pleased by her fortune since she knows exactly how to set the appropriate personal sparkle on them.

MISS HAMMOND concentrates on the posing and much exaggerates its languor. She omits altogether from the portrait the lady's zest for railing. Her posing is so self-conscious that it ceases to be exquisite demeanour and becomes affectation; and she drawls the famous lines almost to a standstill until they have lost their subtle flowing rhythm and the wit has lost its instanty. "Think of you," cries Mirabell, "To think of a whirlwind, though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation." Miss Hammond's Millamant affords her lover all too much time for steady contemplation.

One writes of the first night, and Miss Hammond may by this time have altered the portrait out of all recognition. But there is a fatal lack of style in the production as a whole. There are many different styles and they do not cohere. For Lady Wishfort, that greedy old fribble, Miss Margaret Rutherford substitutes her comic headmistress, which is never dull but here woefully out of place. Mr. Clements himself is Mirabell and one, if truth must be told, who smothers in complacency the angry pride of a rake who, against all the worldly etiquette he cherishes, finds himself in love. Mr. Reginald Beckwith and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn as the hangers-on are the most Congrevean figures on the stage, and Mr. Dunn's occasional braying is wholly delightful.

—Anthony Cookman



LADY WISHFORT (Margaret Rutherford) is in a state of panic at the thought of her prospective suitor. Her solution to every problem is a pick-me-up draught of cherry brandy



Christopher Moore

The fiery warmth of Spain comes to wintry London

JOSE GRECO is one of the greatest exponents of Spanish dancing, that colourful art whose exciting rhythms have become so popular in this country. He has returned to London for the first time in five years bringing with him a fine company managed and directed by himself; he is also responsible for costumes and choreography. The company was due to open at the Festival Hall on Christmas Eve for its three-week season in London



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THE ERIDGE'S TUDOR EVENING

FOUR HUNDRED Eridge followers and their friends attended the Hunt Ball at the Elizabethan Barn, Tunbridge Wells. A barbecue supper was served. Above, Miss J. McLeod, ball organizer, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield and Mr. Derek Arnott



(Left) Mr. W.
Fuerling, Mrs.
Godden, Mr. C. W.
Godden, Mrs. Todd,
Mr. R. G. Todd
and Mrs. Fuerling



(Right) Dr. J. A.
Elliott, Mrs. M.
Coombe, Col. M.
Williams and
Mrs. E. Kemp-Gee



...cent... are Lord Roderic Pratt and Lady
Gwynne and Lady Roderic Pratt

(Left) Mr. K. G.
Sinclair, Mr. A.
Riley, Mrs. Sin-
clair and Mrs.
Riley sitting to-
gether in the bar



(Right) Mr. Henry
Whitefield, Mr.
Michael Becher,
Mrs. Becher and
Mrs. Whitefield

Mr. James Royds, a follower for
twenty-five years, and Mrs. Royds



Miss Mary Fox and Mr. Peregrine
Bertie were sitting on the stairs



Miss Julia Royds and Mr.
Charles Benson



Mr. Peter Kemp-Gee and Mrs.
Maxwell Williams

Desmond O'Neill





At the Pictures

BING CROSBY serenades Grace Kelly in M-G-M's Technicolor musical *High Society* which opened in London recently. Frank Sinatra shares the honours in singing Cole Porter's songs in this lighthearted romance of Rhode Island

MISS KELLY'S GAY FAREWELL TO HOLLYWOOD

FOR the life of me, I cannot understand the current craze for converting straight comedies into musicals—for serving up satire with a sprinkling of songs. Is it assumed that we can no longer take our humour neat and dry? Heaven and Hollywood alone know, but it certainly seems so. In case the sophistication of *The Philadelphia Story*, which we lapped up in 1940, should prove too heady for us today, Mr. Sol C. Siegel, remaking the piece as *High Society*, has thoughtfully diluted it by introducing Mr. Louis Armstrong and a handful of new but not very exciting numbers by Mr. Cole Porter.

You may find the film exactly to your taste, but for me it lacks the tang and sparkle of the original, though I admit it afforded me considerable enjoyment—mainly because Miss Grace Kelly, in the part created by Miss Katharine Hepburn, gives a perfectly delightful performance.

SHE is Tracy Lord, a beautiful but frigid millionairess living at Newport, Rhode Island, in a house that "looks like the sort of place where peace treaties are signed." A similarly impressive *palais* next door houses her former husband, Dexter Haven (Mr. Bing Crosby), an amiable but frivolous fellow whom she has divorced because she could not change him into the sort of man she thought he should be.

Tracy is about to marry George Kittredge (Mr. John Lund), a successful and exceedingly stuffy character, as intolerant of human frailty as herself. Dexter, who still loves her—he is, as Mr. Crosby groans gracefully, a one-girl guy—is convinced that she is mak-

ing a dreadful mistake. If only Tracy could be made to unfreeze a little, she would see how boring George is in his rigid perfection.

It is Mike Connor (Mr. Frank Sinatra), a magazine reporter, who effects the miracle. On the eve of her wedding he succeeds, with the help of oceans of champagne, in thawing out the ice-maiden and compromising her so scandalously that George is properly outraged.

TRACY, shocked at the unseemly readiness with which George believes the worst of her, realizes that she couldn't possibly marry such a pompous, unforgiving type. Fortunately there is always Dexter, who soothingly opines that a little slip is good for everybody if they learn something from it—so the wedding guests are not cheated of a ceremony and everybody is happy except George.

Miss Kelly, looking ravishingly pretty in a series of exquisite dresses, has never before seemed so alive on the screen. She switches from hauteur to humility with astonishing ease, is angry and gay, distant and gushing by turns and, under the exhilarating influence of champagne, bubbles and giggles deliciously. I can't tell you how much I regret the fact that this animated creature has now settled down as a Serene Highness.

Unnecessary duets, which slow down the action, are admirably sung by Miss Kelly and Mr. Crosby, Mr. Crosby and Mr. Sinatra, Mr. Sinatra and that witty Miss Celeste Holm (a magazine photographer)—and from time to time Mr. Armstrong, grinning like a gargoyle behind his gold trumpet, intrudes to



AUDREY HEPBURN paid a flying visit to this country for the premiere of *War And Peace* before returning to Paris where she is filming *Love In The Afternoon*. Below: Walt Disney, whose challenging film *Man In Space* will soon be seen

lead his musicians in outbursts of jazz which I could well have done without. Mr. Charles Walters, directing, has so lavishly gilded the gingerbread that the original pungency has been largely obliterated—but of course it's a film you will have to see, all the same.

THE story of *Checkpoint* is wildly improbable—something about a multi-millionaire motor manufacturer (Mr. James Robertson Justice) whose villainous-looking hireling (Mr. Stanley Baker) blows up an Italian car factory and kills five people while stealing blue-prints for his employer. To protect his good name (!) the manufacturer decides to smuggle Mr. Baker out of Italy by substituting him for one of the auxiliary drivers participating in a car race from Florence to Lugano.

There are agreeable performances from Mr. Anthony Steel and Mlle. Odile Versois (love interest), an excellent one from Mr. Michael Medwin (comedy) and the car race provides moments of intense excitement—but I cannot say that this is one of the best efforts of Miss Betty Box, the producer.

EVIDENCE is strong that *Godzilla, King Of The Monsters* was produced by Japanese in Japan as a piece of anti-hydrogen bomb propaganda—and that, after it was completed, the character of an American reporter (Mr. Raymond Burr) was “cut in” to make the film acceptable to English-speaking audiences. Mr. Burr witnesses the total destruction of Tokyo by a monster, four hundred feet tall, which hydrogen-bomb experiments have driven from its sea-bed lair and made radio-active. While the Japanese cast of thousands is suitably panic-stricken, Mr. Burr looks merely pained in a noble sort of way—and one can't believe he is really viewing scenes of horrific devastation.

Godzilla is the nicest monster I have met for a long time—a rather sad dragon, breathing fire upon quaking humans, munching trains and trampling power stations to smithereens underfoot with a most disarming air of regret.

—Elspeth Grant



Book Reviews

COUSIN-HUNT IN AFRICA

COUSIN-HUNTING along the North African coast is the theme of Ann Bridge's new novel, *The Lighthearted Quest* (Chatto and Windus, 15s.). Colin Munro is a missing heir—or rather, having inherited Glentoran, in Argyll, he silently refuses to come home and take over the management of his property. A series of frantic letters remain unanswered. Apart from rumours from Casablanca, connecting Colin with a mystery yacht and, it would seem, somewhat dubious activities, there is a blackout as to the young man's movements.

Nuts-in-May tactics are adopted, finally, by the distraught family. "We'll send Julia to fetch him away, fetch him away, fetch him away," is in effect, the decision of a Glentoran conference. If Julia's adventures are not breathtaking, this is because of one's certainty that she must come out tops. Her great big white forehead, even when scarred (there is one quite nasty incident) remains unruffled. Miss Bridge on this occasion has not aimed at giving us a probable story—and what matter? *The Lighthearted Quest* is a colourful travelogue, interknit—not, as I say, too tensely—with thriller interest. The going is good and the dialogue debonair.

The book-jacket tells us that *The Lighthearted Quest* throws light on the problems of French Morocco. I should rather say that it offered a brief escape from them, and indeed from various others.

★ ★ ★

An out and out travel book, *Out Of Season*, by Spike Hughes (Robert Hale, 15s.) is non-fiction—and, given its author, all the better for that. Here is the answer to what goes on in places when one is not there. Mr. and Mrs. Spike Hughes made a mid-winter journey through Europe's most-visited cities and resorts when these were officially "out of season"—sun-seeking visitors all elsewhere, and the tourist, if any, a rare bird.

The timing of the journey was not a whim. Nobody needs to be told who our author is, how great his distinction or what his interests. During those otherwise blighted months, the opéra houses of Europe are in full cry, and Mr. Hughes was making a tour of them—or, strictly, of a considerable number—with particular reference to Italy. Musical experience does not enter this book—it will no doubt figure in yet another. Onward from the initial take-off from Victoria station, in a February blizzard, accompanied by seven suitcases, a typewriter, various other objects and a picnic lunch, we follow an annal of train adventures and the changes and chances attendant on constant progress.

Lively and comical these are: as *raconteur* Mr. Hughes can hardly be bettered. But, I think, still more striking are the word-pictures of great and small cities living their own lives, unperurbed by the absence of us foreigners.

Out-of-season visiting has one major advantage for the currency restricted British traveller: prices all over the place are much, much lower. Also, the absence of fellow-tourists brings one into contact with friendly townspeople: this held good not only in Vienna but all the way down Italy. Mr. Hughes and his wife tracked down many small "local" restaurants, of whose savory *cuisine* he cannot speak too highly. Still better, he gives us their names, and tells where to find them.

★ ★ ★

POST-CHRISTMAS reflections remind us, as we look at our holiday haul, that a book is a long-term present, meant to outlast the festive season and to live on when the New Year is no longer new. Additionally, now is book token time for oneself, and a time of advice and guidance for others, so let me recall some of the good reading which has stayed particularly in my mind during the last year.

Novels, all fiction, present the trickiest choices: in this field, I never take the risk of sending anyone anything I've not read myself—not enough to protest, too late, "I heard it was good." So, let me recommend Rose Macaulay's *The Towers Of Tre-*



A STUDY OF PUCK (David O'Brien), made by Angus McBean during the 1954 season at Stratford-on-Avon, comes from "Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1954-1956" (Reinhardt, 21s.) by Ivor Brown



"OASTHOUSES NEAR MAIDSTONE," one of the many agreeable pictures in line, woodcut and photography from "South-East England—Kent-Essex" (Elek, 21s.) by Reginald Turnor and Phoebe F. Gaye



THE CROSSING SWEOPER (left) was photographed in Greenwich in 1885. The illustration and the barefoot match-seller (above) come from "Grandfather's London" (Putnam, 21s.) by O. J. Morris, a fascinating compilation

bizond, Mary Borden's *The Hungry Leopard* (with its furry jacket), Stella Gibbons's *Here Be Dragons*, Monica Dickens's *The Angel In The Corner*, John Mortimer's *Three Winters*, and William Sansom's *The Loving Eye*, which are still newcomers, or new enough for you not to have read every one.

And the above have, if not all in the same degree, what one might call *quality*: staying power. They make a bid for a permanent place on shelves. This applies to a literary gem of the year, Julian Fane's childhood novel *Morning*.

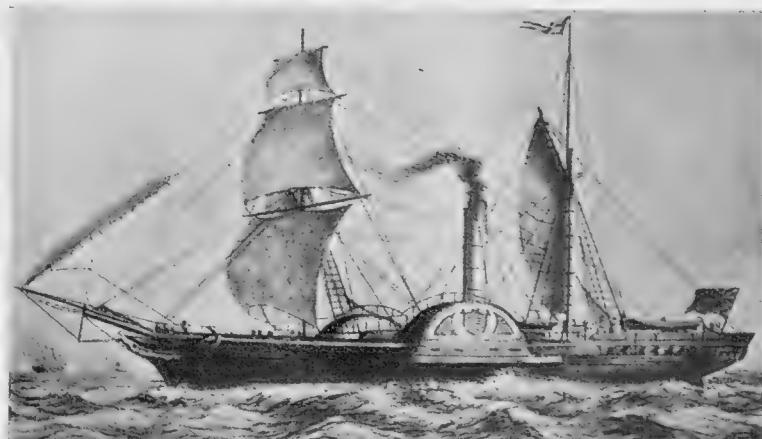
And keep this in mind, too: books, though meant to be read, lose nothing by being also good-looking. Gay or beautiful jacket, well-coloured binding, clear print and quality paper may be taken as pointers to what's worth while. A publisher (to view the trade as a whole) is unlikely to waste an attractive format on a totally dim or second-rate piece of work. Look *into* the book which pleases your eye.

INTO this class falls, of course, every kind of "flower book." Even non-gardeners, and those averse from botany, are susceptible to the floral volume, if only for its decorative appeal. Messrs. Collins's *Pocket Guide To Wild Flowers* has, in addition, concentrated good value when it comes to contents; and the same holds good of that firm's splendid recent rose book—compendium of good sense for the anxious grower. Colour photography, now about at perfection, has added a whole new face to book-illustration.

So onward to the picture boom pure and simple! Art books, given prominence in The TATLER pages, have I expect been noted. Plates from these, reproduced practically every week, have been signposts to handsomeness and variety. In most cases, art books are expensive, but they are worth it. Animal and bird books, illustrated architecture, child photography, sport pictures, landscape or foreign travel (illustrated) all make for "something to look at." And best of all, these are sociable; they go round the family—their destined place is the table more than the shelf.

Table-space asks, too, for cartoons and comics. The *New Yorker* puts out, each year, a new genial "album." An excellent *Cartoon Treasury* also appeared recently. And what about fiction classics? A complete set of Jane Austen, Kipling, or Somerville and Ross may, at the end of everything, be your answer.

—Elizabeth Bowen



THE SIRIUS (top), the first Atlantic mail steamer and the Washington, first U.S. transatlantic mail steamship. The reproductions are from "U.S. Mail" (Adlard Coles, 45s.) by Frank Staff, authoritative story of a great venture





Michel Molinare

Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

THE NEW LOOK in suits for 1957 is short jackets with wide stand-away collars. On the opposite page is a suit by Christian Dior which shows how attractive this line can be, plainly tailored yet extremely feminine. Made in springy wool tweed, the colour is a most becoming red. It costs approx. 44 gns. at Harrods and at Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Hat by Simone Mirman. On this page is a sherry-coloured suit in heavy French jersey by Silvia Mills, which has a soft round collar tieing at the front. Price approx. 30 gns. at Chanelle of Knightsbridge and Kendal Milne, Manchester; obtainable at the end of February

LOOKING AT THE NEW YEAR





LOOKING AHEAD

HERE are two new ideas on the cape theme from the spring collections for 1957. On the left is a cape by Estrava in mutation brown mohair. Generously cut, it has a scarf-tie collar, 14 gns. at Fenwicks. The pale cream hat is by Gina Davies, obtainable from Harvey Nichols. The sleeveless sheath dress by Marcus is in cream and black jersey tweed, with a matching waist length cape (not shown). At Tina Berlyn, Bond Street, and Brown Muff, Bradford, in the early spring, 29½ gns.

“Ring out the old, ring



Michel Molinare



AN ENCHANTING mid-calf length gown by Rima (above) in delicate creamy beige wool lace mounted on satin. Price 62 gns. approx. at Rocha, Grafton Street. (Right) A lovely, beautifully draped short evening dress in taupe nylon chiffon, the stem-like skirt mounted on matching taffeta. The matching coat is brocade of taupe cotton embroidery on silver metal ground and is lined with chiffon. It is by Frederick Starke, and will be obtainable at the end of January

in the new; clothed in pale and shimm'ring hue"

FOR the theatre and parties we show some short evening gowns and theatre coats in the new and lovely subtle tones of cream and beige which are so becoming and flattering to all colourings. Perfect for the theatre is this heavenly coat by Grayson. Full and sweeping with a becoming wide stand-away collar and bow. In a delicate coffee and cream shade jacquard—price approximately 17 gns. from Dickins and Jones in January





CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

DRESSED FOR CASUAL COMFORT

THESE two outfits fill the bill for cold days in the country or lazy days at home. Above: A touch of the Orient for informal evenings. This outfit is in turquoise coloured quilted cotton, jacket costing $7\frac{1}{2}$ gns., and slim-fitting trews, $9\frac{1}{2}$ gns. The high, cross-over necked sweater in fine black jersey costs $4\frac{1}{2}$ gns. Right: A gay leather jacket in pale pink, lined with Tattersall check, $19\frac{1}{2}$ gns. The moss green cavalry twill trousers cost 6 gns. and the heavy-knit white sweater, 4 gns. All obtainable from Gordon Lowe of Knightsbridge

John French





Champagne glass "Angel of Rheims" by Lalique, price £21 7s. 6d. for six, to order. Below: Lalique's elephant figure paperweight, costing £18 10s.



Glasses by Baccarat; burgundy, to order, hock, £3 4s. 6d., champagne, to order, sherry, to order. Obtainable at Harrods



*New masterpieces of
the glassmaker's art*

BEAUTIFUL glass gives pleasure whether it is decorative or useful; it is an ideal wedding present for a young couple setting up house. These fine examples by Baccarat, Daum and Lalique come from an exhibition recently staged by Harrods — JEAN CLELAND



Translucent and graceful, this candlestick by Daum is £15 15s., and like all the glass shown here comes from Harrods



The lamp by Daum costs £8 8s. and French shade in ribbon costs £9 18s. 6d. Below: Lalique's cockerel bookends, the price of which is £14 10s.



This chunky and light-catching ashtray and stub by Daum cost £4 17s. 6d. altogether



Dennis Smith



KATHERINE CORBETT is carrying out the delicate and skilful process of ear-piercing, one of the treatments in which she specializes at her salon

Beauty

Lend me your ears, ladies



MY friend was in a "tizzy." Her husband had promised her an extra special present for Christmas—something she had already seen and coveted, a pair of beautiful pendant diamond ear-rings. There was, however, a fly in the ointment, a condition. She could only have them if she first had her ears pierced.

Poor dear, she wasn't the tough sort. For weeks she had secretly been trying to screw up her courage; trembling on the brink, and afraid to take the plunge. At last, she discussed it with me. "I know it sounds inconceivably cowardly and silly," she said, "and I suppose it is. It isn't so much the actual piercing I mind. It's all that business afterwards, of keeping the little holes open until they heal. I sort of feel I should hate that part, but I may be wrong. I wish I knew."

Remembering quite a number of women I know, who have felt the same way, I thought it would be a good idea to go into the whole thing, and find out exactly what happens.

On the advice of a colleague, I went along to see Katherine Corbett, who makes a speciality of ear-piercing, and is noted for the skill with which she carries it out. "With her," I was told, "there's just nothing to it. No one could possibly mind."

Miss Corbett is an interesting personality. A State Registered nurse, she has had experience in such famous hospitals as the Anglo-American Clinic in Rome and the American Hospital in Paris. She has also been a member of the Kentucky Frontier Nursing Service, whose job it is to tend the mountain people in the wilds of the Kentucky hills, travelling from post to post on horseback. During the war she served in Egypt, and in 1944 was with the Yugoslav medical units. Quite a person! So, apart from ears, I was interested to meet her.

HER salon is in South Molton Street, and here she carries out many treatments for the removal of blemishes—such as red veins, superfluous hair, etc. But since it is ear-piercing we are concerned with, we will concentrate on that.

The first step, Miss Corbett explained, is getting a central position for the little puncture. In actual fact, she told me, this must be a fraction higher than dead centre, the reason being that the ornament is heavier at the front, and unless the puncture is properly balanced to allow for this, the ear-ring flops forward and drops.

Having fixed the position, the little points are marked with a surgical solution, and then de-sensitized with a local anaesthetic. The punctures—which are painless—are then made, after which a small surgical silk plug is inserted. Miss Corbett finds the silk better than gold because in her experience the metal, being hard, sometimes delays the healing, while the silk is soft and absorbent, and causes no inconvenience or discomfort. It is also unnoticeable because it is placed flush with the skin.

The plug is left in for four days, and the client then returns to the salon to have it removed. The afternoon I was there, a patient who had come for the purpose kindly allowed me to watch it being done. She talked and smiled while it was deftly taken out, and a special gold sleeper pin—made to Miss Corbett's own design—slipped in its place. When asked to turn her head to the side, and press her ear into the pillow to see if the pin was comfortable, she did so, and then laughed and said, "I can't feel a thing."

"WHAT happens next?" I asked. "Nothing," said Miss Corbett. As you have heard, there is no discomfort, and the pins are just left in position—even while washing—usually for about three weeks.

This should dispel any fears with regard to ear-piercing and its after-treatment, and it is virtually the end of the story, except for a word about the sleeper pins. These have an extra long shaft which, initially designed for safety, can also be turned to decorative purposes. People who still want to wear the clip-on ear-rings they had before their ears were pierced can do so by means of the sleepers, without the expense of having the ear-rings converted. The shafts can be used, too, for pearl studs, and for some very attractive flower attachments for which people write to Miss Corbett from all over the world. Some use the pins to pierce the centre of fresh flowers, and young girls often attach little appliqués of lace, all of which look most attractive.

—Jean Cleland



Miss Anne Shepherd-Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Shepherd-Smith, of Oldbury, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks, has announced her engagement to Mr. Richard Allan, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan M. Allan, of Aldford House, Park Lane, London, W.1

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Cecilia Gaggero, younger daughter of Sir George and Lady Gaggero, of Gibraltar, has recently announced her engagement to Major David Alexander Wallace Lochhead, M.C., Seaforth Highlanders, only son of Mr. B. H. Lochhead, of Bellevue Road, Ayr, and of the late Mrs. Lochhead



Miss Norah Elizabeth Farquhar-Oliver, younger daughter of Mr. Mark Oliver, of Edgerston, Jedburgh, and of Mrs. R. Preece, of Kells House, Kells, Co. Kerry, is to marry Mr. Richard Henry Rupert Bertie, only son of Major the Hon. Arthur Bertie, of Crepping Hall, Sutton, Suffolk, and the late Hon. Mrs. Bertie

*The
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Bystander,*
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Miss Jane Margaret Chilton, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Gen. Sir Maurice Chilton, and of Lady Chilton, of The Grange, Slindon, Sussex, is to marry Major Richard J. Bishop, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bishop, of Sandheys Drive, Southport, Lancs



Miss Sonia Anne Rees, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rees, of Athens, Greece, is engaged to Mr. Henry Archer Clive, only son of Brigadier A. F. L. Clive, D.S.O., M.C., of Ross, Herefordshire, and the Hon. Mrs. D. A. S. Bowlby, of Ilchester Place, W.14



The Hon. Dorothy Anne Percy, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Percy of Newcastle, of Old Rectory, Etchingham, Sussex, is engaged to Capt. Thomas Eustace, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of the late Mr. L. C. M. Eustace, and of Mrs. Eustace, of Mousehole, Penzance



Miss Robina Crockwell, only child of Major L. H. W. Crockwell, of Williton, Somerset, and of the late Mrs. Crockwell, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Stephen Love, Royal Artillery, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Love, of Fairfield, Williton, near Taunton, Somersetshire

Dorothy Wilding

John Dudley

Motoring

THE WINDSCREEN WIPER THAT WENT OFF DUTY

Oliver Stewart

IT has happened again. Thrice I have reported the failure of windscreen wipers in circumstances which make the completion of a journey difficult and even dangerous. Each time readers who have had similar experiences have communicated with me. Before jeopardizing overloaded Christmas digestions by relating my most recent trouble, let me summarize my conclusion. It is that the design and trustworthiness of windscreen wipers are wholly inadequate to match the critical part they play in safe motoring.

It was pitch dark and raining. The raindrops, falling through smog-laden air, were carrying sooty particles to the screen. It was one of those last pre-rationing days of heavy north-bound traffic on the Brighton road and I was driving south. The wiper failed and a rapid examination suggested (what proved to be correct) a burnt-out motor.

The particular car had a fixed screen, with swivelling quarter lights. I cut my speed to a crawl and sought to continue the journey, peering

through the maze of confusing, dazzling patterns imposed on the glass by approaching headlights and street lights as the beams struck the thickly spattered rain film. The problem was clear enough. It was to keep sufficiently far from the left kerb to make sure of avoiding the inevitable cyclist who camouflages himself in drab clothes and has no rear light, while avoiding a head-on collision with the cars and lorries roaring in from the opposite direction with headlights blazing in a carefree manner.

If I could have crept along on the extreme left, things would have been easier; but vision obliquely through the unswept screen was down almost to zero and experience taught me that that camouflaged cyclist would be there somewhere on the route. Running near the white line, therefore, I was doubtless the object of execration by approaching drivers. "Why doesn't that fool keep over to his own side!" and then the flash of the headlights to indicate acute displeasure.

WHAT a nightmare journey it was. I found that by lowering the window I could only just reach the lowest right hand corner of the screen and could only clear with a rag a few square centimetres. There was positively no solution to the problem. And so once again I called down all the curses I could upon the designers, producers, wholesalers, retailers, servicers and maintainers of windscreen wipers wherever they might be throughout the entire world.

Had the wiper had the old-fashioned interior hand setting lever I could have travelled easily and safely. Had there been an openable, clear-vision, piece in the windscreen I could have travelled easily and safely; or had it been possible to lower the screen, or to reach it from the side window. But no. The whole effort of supremely good engineering that had gone into that admirable car (at a price close to £2,000) was vitiated by a maddening inferiority in one component.

May I remind my readers that one of my earlier wiper breakdowns was the consequence, not of the failure of the motor or any other part, but simply of insufficient power to keep two wiper arms sweeping against heavy, glutinous snow of the kind one occasionally meets in the Midlands. Finally, I would add that, although my earlier experiences were with British designed and built wipers, this last one was with a foreign designed and built wiper.



Although I share the sadness of all motorists at the tight rationing and at the forty per cent increase in fuel tax, and although I have read through the documents which so many organizations have been good enough to send me, and which set out their case clearly, I cannot "attack" (as I am asked to do) either the rationing or the tax or the increase in price.

Too much reliance had been placed upon a couple of pipe-lines and a narrow strip of water. We must now pay for that misjudgment. I do not quarrel with the drastic measures that have been taken. I only ask that the difficulties of the times be not used to stir up the hate campaign against private motorists that too many people (including the public transport corporations) have encouraged.

THERE is today little "pleasure motoring"—i.e. motoring for the sake of motoring. Cars are used mostly for transport; sometimes transport to holiday resorts of course, but still transport. The man who takes the car out simply to go for a "drive" has almost disappeared. The idea that everybody seen in a private car is engaged on "pleasure motoring" is a myth and a myth with a discreditable background.

Meanwhile I should clear up one misunderstanding about the new prices and that is their differences in different parts of the country. Shell-Mex and B.P. sent me the other day a note of explanation. The wholesale price increase on motor spirit is 3½d. a gallon, but retail prices go up 5d. because consultation between the Ministry of Fuel and Power and the Motor Agents' Association suggested an emergency surcharge of 1½d.

In what is described as the "general zone" then, prices range from 5s. 7½d. a gallon to 6s. 5d. a gallon. In the outer zone they range from 5s. 7d. to 6s. 4½d. and in the inner zone from 5s. 6½d. to 6s. 4d. For those who would like to make the comment: "It's too much," I would suggest that they recall the prices they have been paying when touring abroad. I cannot refrain, however, from a final pessimistic comment. It is much easier to impose a tax than to take it off. "You may be arrested by mistake," says the Chinese proverb. "you will not be released by mistake."

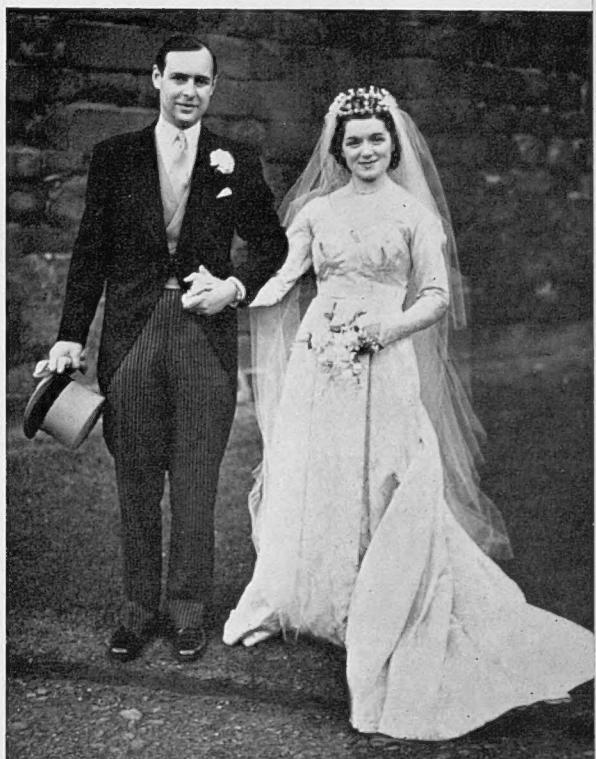




Simson—Constantine. Mr. John Henry Francis Simson, only son of the late Col. G. O. Simson, and of Mrs. Virginia Simson, of Santiago, Chile, married Miss Anne Constantine, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Constantine, of Tanton Grange, Stokesley, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Grant—Ogg. Dr. Richard Hugh Edward Grant, only son of the late Mr. E. G. Grant, and of Mrs. Grant, of Montagu Mansions, W.1, married Miss Marjorie Macaulay Ogg, only daughter of Sir William and Lady Ogg, of Rothamsted, Harpenden, at St. George's School Chapel, Harpenden



Dixon—Morgan. Mr. Hugh Dixon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dixon, of Elwatan, Castle Hill, N.S.W., Australia, was married to Miss Sylira Josephine Morgan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Morgan, of Lyth Hill, Shrewsbury, at St. Mary's, Shrewsbury



Miller—Paget. Left: Capt. William Miller, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Mr. Geoffrey Miller, and of Mrs. Miller of West Bay Road, North Berwick, married Miss Susan Blanche Paget, daughter of the late Major Oswald Paget, and of Mrs. Paget of Murrayfield Drive, Edinburgh, at St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh



Oliver—Draco. Mr. Michael Andrew Graigh Oliver, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Oliver, of Guildford, Surrey, was married to Miss Juliet Erroll Draco, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Draco, of Leslie House, Dorking, Surrey, at St. Martin's Church, Dorking



May—Yates. Mr. Barry William May, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. W. N. May, of The White House, Holberrow Green, Redditch, married Miss Julia Susan Yates, daughter of Mr. J. Ivan Yates, of Inkberrow, Wores, and of Mrs. Yates, of Johannesburg, at St. Peter's, Inkberrow



Gee—Lewes. Mr. Robert George Gee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gee, of Windsor Mansions, W.1, recently married Miss Loveday Elisabeth Talbot Lewes, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. Hext Lewes, of Llanlllyr, Lampeter, Cardiganshire, at Llanfihangel-Ystrad Church

THEY WERE MARRIED

DINING IN

Casserole au livre

ONE of the great pleasures of the anti-climax Christmas weeks—for me, at any rate—is flattening my nose, so to speak, against the windows of book shops to see if anything I had not already thought about would tempt me to change my mind about the cashing of the precious book tokens I received.

Beforehand, I always know what I want—cookery books, a little remote from the usual run, or books on food, hardly necessary from the point of view of useful study but thoroughly enjoyable to dip into, from time to time, and, therefore, a luxury. Books for bedside rather than kitchen reading.

For me, such a book is *Fine Bouche*, by Pierre Andrieu (Cassell & Co., 31s. 6d.). It is not at all "practical" but is a most entertaining history of the restaurant in France. When, as is my wont, I turned to the appendix and ran through the names of places listed there, I was so delighted when I found Fontaine Gaillon. Alas! there was no reference to the Fontaine Gaillon I used to know before World War Two. In those days, for a matter of a franc or two, one could get perfect grilled lambs' kidneys and *Cotelette de Veau aux Champignons*. . . . And the little old woman who attended us kept running backwards and forwards with a reassuring "Une petite minute, Madame."

Then, one day, almost overnight, as it were, the little old lady had disappeared. Pierre had taken over. The restaurant, instead of being pleasantly plebeian, was now streamlined, and very chic indeed. But why pick on such an unimportant item? Just to show, of course, that my favourite little place in Paris was an unimportant place. We have our memories. . . . Any gourmet who looks to the index of *Fine Bouche* will find something just as nostalgic as I did.

JUST to hand has come *The Compleat Imbiber*, edited by our own Cyril Ray (Putnam, 25s.). I have barely had time to dip into it, but because I love its parent *Imbiber* and treasure every issue which reaches me throughout the year, never allowing them to be thrown to the pulp paper people, I know what is in store for me. I see, to my delight, that my favourite contributors, or almost all of them, are in this anthology.

True, the book deals mainly with liquid rather than solid "food"—but I am interested in liquids, too! There is a beautifully detached piece by Raymond Postgate. It is pleasing to find that such an authority on wines had such an unpromising introduction to his favourite subject. And the eminent Mr. George Gulley gives Uncle Jolliboy's fiendishly clever instructions to all ages for diabolically clever ways to make the party go. There is a truly understanding and beautifully written story of—well, it could not be the nutmeg—and a typical Paul Holt piece by this lamented and delicious writer.

This, too, is a bedside book and one to place in the guest room for folk who do not sleep well but are wise enough to enjoy their wakefulness.

How To Cook And Eat In Chinese, by Buwei Yang Chao (Faber, 21s.), my first choice, is so personably written and so full of unexpected details of Chinese food and customs that one never tires of picking it up and reading it.

—Helen Burke



FRANK BALZANO, born on Lake Maggiore, came to London at the age of sixteen. He joined the Midland Hotel group, but from 1929 has worked at the Cafe Royal. He now manages the grill room



Ivon de W.

DINING OUT

Best of Maxim's

INDEFATIGABLE Erwin Schleyen has recently been having a great deal of fun at his restaurant, the Mirabelle, having imported direct from Paris the whole team of the famous Maxim's. Not only did he bring the *maître d'hôtel*, M. Albert, who acted as host at the Mirabelle for a week, but their chef, M. Alex Humbert, who spent the same period preparing some of his famous specialities. Mr. Schleyen was determined to show that although some of the finest food in the world can be obtained in Paris, it can also be found in London, and that the food prepared by the chefs at the Mirabelle can compete on level terms. To give an authentic touch to the affair, part of the restaurant was decorated with the deep purple drapings and golden furniture from Maxim's itself.

From Paris to the park where I found myself with a length of red and gold ribbon round my neck with a Tastevin on the end, at the two hundred and fifty-second meeting of the Wine and Food Society which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel and was a Burgundian dinner. The quality of fare provided was outstanding being: *Queue de Boeuf du Charolais*; *Pauchouze de Sole au Chablis*; *Fricassée de Poulet au Vin Rosé d'Irancy*; *Pied de Céleri St. Vincent*; *Croquettes de Pommes au Gruyère*; *Gougère Beaunoise*; *Quartiers de Doyenné du Comice Belle Dijonnaise*; and *Rocher de Glace au Cassis*. The wines, Mersault Charmes 1952, Volnay 49 and Geurey-Chambertin 1945.

SOMEbody queried whether you should have a Mersault with a sole cooked in Chablis and a Volnay 49 with a fricassée of chicken in which Vin Rosé d'Irancy was used in its preparation, but surely when using a wine to prepare food for a dinner you always use a much lesser wine in the cooking than that which you drink; a Chablis being a lesser wine than a Mersault and a Vin Rosé d'Irancy a far lesser wine than a Volnay, but all of them from Burgundy.

The Wine and Food Society in London is not the only body holding Burgundian dinners for members of La Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin because one has just been held in one of New York's respected restaurants, The White Turkey, at 12 East 49th Street, the idea being to show how well the great French wines complement an essentially simple but well prepared American meal.

As an aperitif at the reception they served Champagne St. Marceaux Blanc de Blancs 1949 and caviar. This was also served with the first course of double consommé with sprinklings of julienne of chicken; they then served a Chablis Grand Cru Blanchot 1952 (Albert Pic) with a striped bass sauté meuniere. Then came filet de boeuf au jus, garnished with asparagus and pommes Parisienne with a Musigny 1929 (Jules Belin); followed by a Wisconsin Brie cheese with a Hospices de Beaune, Cuvée Guigone de Salins 1947. That is where I should have finished what appears to have been an outstanding meal; but there was another course available—strawberries jubilee with some Prunelle (Rocher Frères, Côte St. André). An unusual feature was that the entire meal was served by waitresses, trained for the affair by Frank Knesz, manager of The White Turkey, the only male in attendance being the sommelier, Karl Seibert, to see that the wine was treated with the respect it deserved.

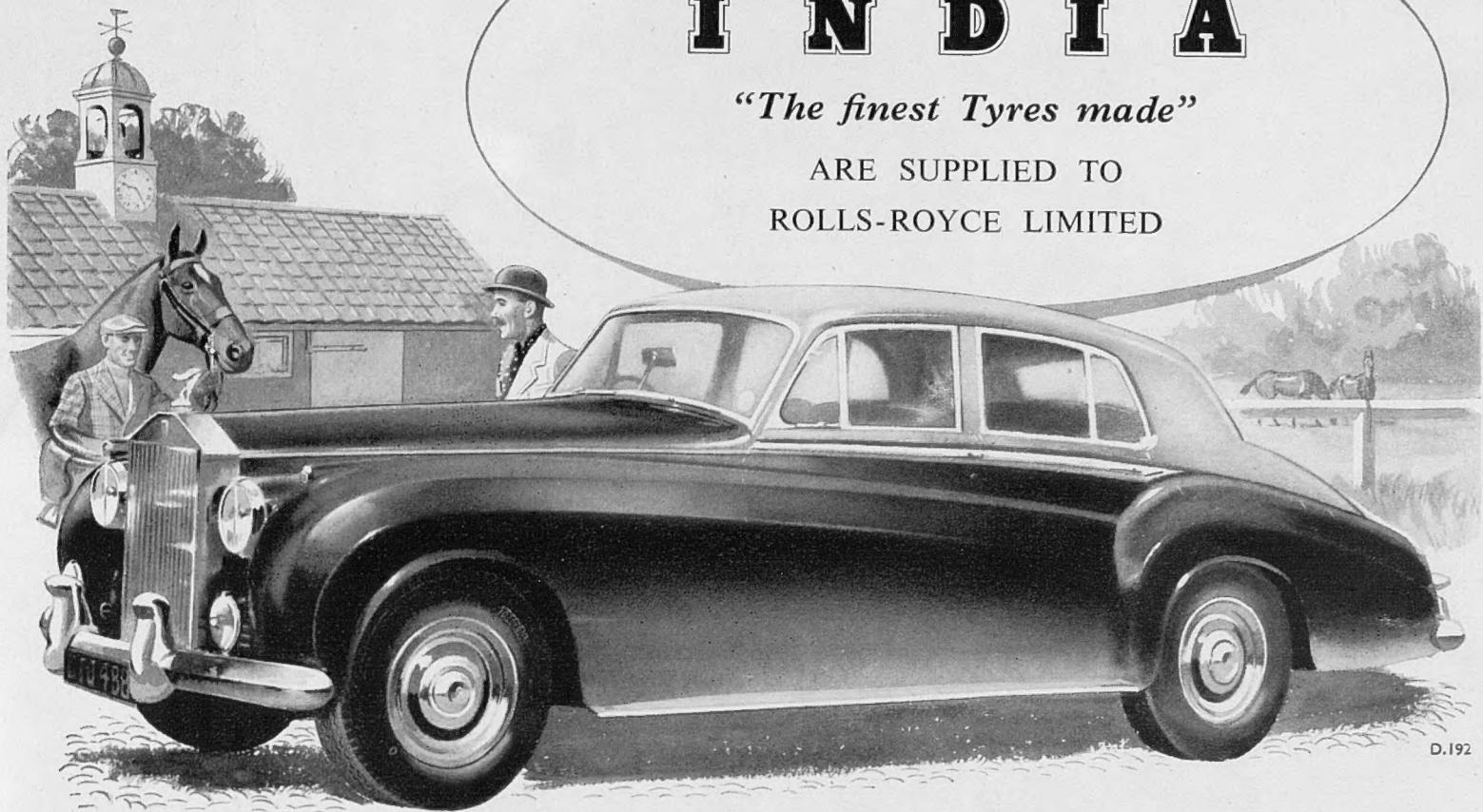
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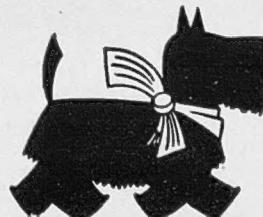
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